

THE DEACON'S DONATION.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

THE minister met the deacon just as the latter was opening his small white gate.

"Well, Brother Farnham," the minister exclaimed, seizing his hand, "I am glad to see you! My heart has been full of surprise and gratitude all day. It's a blessed thing you've done, deacon, a blessed thing; and your reward will be a rich one, I am sure."

The deacon looked dazed.

"I don't take in your meaning, Mr. Ladd," he said, rescuing an unwilling hand from the minister's embarrassing grasp.

"Oh, now, deacon," went on Mr. Ladd, his ardent in nowise dampened. "You needn't pretend you don't know what I mean. You can't hide a good deed like this; its light will shine. Everybody knows it by this time, and best of all the Lord knows it, deacon, and He'll bless you. I just wanted to get in my personal thanks. Don't say a word," and the minister was off before the uncomprehending deacon could gather his scattered wits.

"By gum!" he ejaculated, as he looked after the minister's retreating form. This was the strongest expletive Deacon Farnham ever allowed himself, and when he made use of it he produced it with great deliberation and force.

"Now, what's the parson got into his head?" he went on to himself, as he walked up the path which led to his house. "It beats me! It can't be that mess of peace I sent him's so ever-lastingly grateful for—bringing in the Lord in that way."

But the question was too puzzling, and he gave it up before he reached his door.

The deacon sat down on the kitchen stoop and took the Greenhill Chronicle from his pocket. He put his straw hat on the step beside him and settled for a comfortable reading of the weekly news, letting the minister and his mysterious gratitude drop out of his mind, as a subject too exciting for the warm day.

All about him stretched his broad fields, bearing promise of full harvest, and his green orchards, laden with rich abundance of young fruit. The whole farm bore witness to unstinted care and consequent prosperity.

The afternoon air was hot and heavy, the drone of the bees whirled, and Deacon Farnham's head went on involuntary little journeys as he sat on the step with the paper in his hand. The Chronicle dropped lower and lower, and he could have fallen from his grasp had not his eye, in one of his lucid moments, caught sight of something which caused him to bring back his wandering head with a jerk and startled him into wide wakefulness.

It was his own name which so aroused him, and he adjusted his spectacles and straightened his paper.

"It has reached our editorial ears that Deacon Farnham, of Upland farm, has donated the generous sum of \$300 towards the building of the new Congregational church. Minister Ladd is to be congratulated on being able to count on such a public-minded parishioner as one of his flock."

The deacon laid down his paper with a snarl of disgust.

"So that's it!" he said, aloud. "Of all the fools!" And he struck his fist on his knee.

Nothing could be further from the deacon's mind than to give one cent towards the building of the little church, to say nothing of \$200.

Not but that he could afford it; the deacon was "well off," but he was also "close." Little of the profit which so readily flowed into his pocket was ever bestowed in free and ungrudging gifts. Only the necessities of life found their way into his household, and the neighbors spoke pityingly of Mrs. Farnham; she had so little to "do with."

Furthermore, if a fit of generosity had inspired him to come over the deacon's church, the new church building down in the village was not likely to receive the benefit of it. He had shown no interest in its erection from the very first. The old meeting house was dilapidated and fast falling into decay, but the deacon could not see any reason for forsaking it.

No wonder! The deacon's irritation grew as he reread the startling announcement of the Chronicle.

"Well, I'll have that settled before the sun goes down," he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "You'd better put on your hat, Maria; won't get hold of it," he added, folding the paper carefully and returning it to his pocket. She's dead set on that foolishness, Maria is."

A few moments later Deacon Farnham was climbing the steep and dusty steps which led to the office of the Greenhill Weekly Chronicle. He found the editor at his desk, in his shirt sleeves, taking life easy.

"Well, Deacon Farnham, this is an unexpected pleasure! Sit down," was his greeting.

"Look here, young man!" puffed the deacon, out of breath from the exertion of climbing, but refusing the proffered chair. "You're getting altogether too smart in that paper of yours—making free with my name in that style."

"Oh, you mustn't be so modest, deacon. A good deed like that ought to be known."

This interpretation of his protest was unexpected to the deacon, and he had to begin again:

"I don't know what idiot told you that stuff, but it's a lie, and you can take it back in your next. I'll be glad to see which won't be soon—I'll be somewhere else than that church folly. Do you understand? I want it contradicted in your next."

"Certainly, Deacon Farnham," replied the editor, in cool contrast to the deacon's irritation. "I thought at the time it must be a mistake, and so I wrote so dead sure I let it go. He heard it from some of your church people, he said. Must have got you mixed up with some body else. Sorry it caused you any annoyance. I'll make it all right next week." And the editor returned to his business, which consisted, just then, of smoking a cigar and reading a late novel.

The deacon clumped downstairs, his contrary old mind even more rumpled than when he went up.

"Humph!" he grunted to himself. "They're an impudent set, those newspaper fellows; the whole lot of them. Thought it wasn't true, did they? I'd like to know what right he had to think it wasn't true."

As the deacon was crossing the little square which formed the business center of the village, he met Mr. Wright, a brother deacon in the church.

"Well, Farnham," exclaimed Deacon Wright, "this is a fine growing day. I that's great news of you in the Chronicle. Seen it?"

"I've seen that newspaper lie, if that's what you mean," growled Deacon Farnham.

Deacon Wright laughed.

"Brother Wright was asking me about

it just now, and I told him there wasn't a word of truth in it, and that you'd be mighty mad when you saw it. Wonder where they got hold of such a yarn, anyhow?"

Deacon Farnham watched his brother deacon until he disappeared in the grocery store. Then he turned slowly and continued his way.

That evening, after supper, the deacon was strolling about his farm. Suddenly the twilight stillness was broken by belligerent sounds which seemed to proceed from behind the big barn. Hastening to the spot the deacon discovered his youngest son, a lad of 11, covered his youngest son with a neighbor's boy.

"Joseph!" sternly commanded the deacon, collaring his son and shaking him free. "What are you thinking of? Haven't I expressly forbidden your fighting?"

Joseph, defenseless in the firm grasp of his father, began to whimper, while his opponent vanished with remarkable alacrity.

"What do you mean, sir?" Answered Mr. Farnham, continuing another shake.

"I wasn't really fighting," pleaded Joseph. "I was only punching you."

"About me? Well, what did he say about me? Out with it!"

"Why," stammered Joseph, "he said there wasn't a truth in it—in what the paper said, and I said it wasn't none of his business if there wasn't, and—and he said his father said there was too mean to give a penny penny, and as for \$200, you couldn't afford it any way."

The deacon let go of his son's collar and walked away, leaving Joseph much surprised and relieved as his speedy release.

The deacon's brows were drawn in a heavy scowl. He did not mind being called mean—he was used to that, but the last imputation rankled in his breast.

There had always been a slight, unacknowledged jealousy between these two farmers whose fields lay side by side.

Mr. Tucker had contributed \$200 himself towards the church drive, and had received the honor of his act.

"So Tucker says I can't afford it!" he muttered to himself. "I'd just like to give him and all these folks who know more than I do a surprise that would make them talk to some purpose. But it would be just foolishness and a waste of money into the bargain. Can't afford it, hey!" The deacon chuckled in spite of his wrath. "I could give them something to talk about!" he repeated.

The next day Mrs. Farnham had an early dinner in order that she might get "cleared up" and go to the sewing-circle. When Mrs. Farnham was seated in her accustomed place on the back steps, the deacon had a profound contempt for sewing-circles.

"Their tongues go a sight faster'n their needles," he often said.

Now he greeted his wife with: "Well, Maria, what's the latest gossip?"

A tinged red came into Mrs. Farnham's faded cheeks. "Why, Israel," she replied, smoothing down her best black silk, shiny from long service, "we talked about a great many things. We spoke of the new church."

"I'll warrant you did!" interrupted the deacon.

"They told me that the Chronicle said you'd given \$200 towards the new building. Did you ever hear such a story?"

"Humph!" responded her husband. "What did you say?"

"Say," answered Mrs. Farnham. "Why, that there wasn't a word of truth in it, of course. I told them you wouldn't hear to the idea a minute, much less give \$200, which is a mortal sight of money."

Deacon Farnham rose to his feet. He did not look towards his wife.

"I must say, Maria," he exclaimed, sharply, "you took a great deal on yourself! How do you know but what the paper said is true—or going to be?" he added to himself; and he walked off, leaving his wife staring after him in dumb amazement.

The next day the deacon stood again in the editorial office. He seemed a trifle embarrassed and conscious, and his efforts to speak in a natural, off-hand manner were easily marred in giving his tones a deeper gruffness.

"I just dropped in," he said, "to say you needn't bother about correcting that statement in regard to my giving \$200 to the new church. Just let it stand—or, if you've got to say any more about it, make it \$50 better!" And the deacon went away as fast as he could.

"Tucker'll find that a pill to swallow!" he chuckled to himself.

"Whew!" whistled the editor, as the deacon closed the door. "I wonder whatever brought the old man to that? I shouldn't wonder if it was sheer contrariness."—*Weekly.*

**BUILDINGS MOVE FROM SUN.**

Result of Experiments by Architects and Scientists.

The problems confronting architects have increased greatly in recent years because of the upward tendency of big business buildings. Beauty of form and convenience of arrangement are now of less importance than the strength to resist the strains which every tall structure must meet. Every time a cyclone has occurred in the west there has been speculation as to what would occur if a big windstorm visited the business district of New York. Architects and engineers have anticipated this possibility. They have considered also the effect of the sun's heat on great buildings, because observations have shown that on a hot day these tall structures move away from the sun as though shrinking. From the sun as though the marble is rent by the freezing of the winter rain in fissures made by the expansion of the marble in mid-summer.

These effects are not so noticeable in New York as they are in some other cities, because New York streets are narrow and the tall buildings are so close together that they protect each other from the sun. In Washington scientific observations have been made which prove conclusively the effect of heat on marble. The Washington monument stands on a slight eminence in the middle of a plain. It is wholly unprotected from the elements. When the monument was being erected the investigation of its vibration was begun, a cord and plummet being suspended from the top of the structure, with a needle to make the record of any movement. One day it was reported that the monument was about to fall. The needle had been made to number of eccentric variations and was still moving about in a wavy line. Investigation showed that an owl had got into the shaft and, flapping about, had caused the vibration of the cord.

The needle under normal conditions, however, showed a movement of the shaft, and observations made since its completion confirm this record. There is a cord hanging from the top of the monument, protected by a metal tube. At the end of this cord is fastened a pendulum which hangs in a bowl of mercury. The pendulum moves with the movement of the column, but it cannot oscillate. The record of the pendulum is taken every day. It shows

Sales Tail

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Tail," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence for a greater extent than any other proprietary medicine. It is simply because it possesses merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it so popular. Advertisements of Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this is why the people are abiding confidence in it, and buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla. The only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla that the top of the marble column, 555 feet high, moves four inches to the north on a very hot, clear day. At night the monument returns to the perpendicular. The extraordinary power of the sun's heat is well illustrated by its effect on the monument. The marble column weighs 1,720 tons.

Scientists say that the monument is not injured in the least by its "little journey in the world," but this is due to the fact that it is built of many pieces of marble. The obelisk in Central park, which is a single block of stone, deviates more than the Washington monument. The Bunker Hill monument, which is only half as tall as the Washington monument, moves about two inches from the perpendicular. Iron buildings are affected no more than those of marble. The dome of the capitol at Washington moves from the south and west, away from the summer sun.—N. Y. Sun.

**NIGHT ON MOUNT RAINIER.**

Melting Snow by the Steam Rising from the Crater.

Throwing off the life line, which had become almost an intolerable burden, I scaled the pile of bare rocks and gained the rim of the crater. The great bowl within was deeply filled with snow, but the black circle forming its rim could be distinctly traced. Descending the inner slope for about a hundred feet, I found a place where steam was hissing from a crevice in the rocks, and my warmest garments were used, and we took refuge in one of the many caverns that the heat of the rocks and of the escaping steam had melted in the lower portion of the snow and ice, partially filling the crater. In these weird caverns one may descend far beyond the light of day. The white vapors drifting silently through the dimly-lighted passages assume grotesque shapes to suggest to the imaginative visitor that the spirits of the time when Pluto's reign was supreme there make their home. By melting snow from which steam was issuing, we soon had water enough with which to prepare tea. In the absence of sugar and cream, a little alcohol from the supply brought for fuel was added to each cup and proved a welcome stimulant. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we passed the night in the cavern of ice. There were no ledges broad enough to lie down on, and we were forced to stand or crouch against the hot rocks all night.

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feet like those, without breaking our engagement. I am convinced that there can't be any doubt about your loving me when I am old."

**RARE PIG DEER.**

Every Other Kind of Pig Except This Is Plentiful Enough.

Among the more recent and important arrivals at the Zoo are two young babirusas, presented by the duke of Bedford—comparatively rare animals, and the only examples seen at the Zoo for about 15 years, says the London Graphic. The word babirusa means pig-deer, and the animal has been so called by the Malays on account of the remarkable development of the tusks in the males, which emerge close together near the middle of the face and sweep with a strong curve backwards, frequently attaining to a very great length. The tusks of the lower jaw arise like those of the deer. What the male babirusa needs the upper pair for is a point which nobody, apparently, can satisfactorily settle. Another peculiarity of the animal is that it falls short of the number of teeth usually possessed by the ordinary pig; having only 24 in all, a fact which indicates that it must be directly descended from one of the extinct genera of pigs marked by a similar type of dentition. In other respects the babirusa is not very different from other wild swine. It is a splendid swimmer, has a somewhat lighter gallop than that of the wild boar, and when hunted will fight gamely and ferociously to the last.

**HE DEMANDED A THRONE.**

Mulliner Wanted to Out Queen Victoria from Her Position.

There died a man in England a few days ago who claimed not only that this was his second time on earth, but that he was the rightful heir to the British throne. His name was Ernest Mulliner, and he was a theosophist of some standing. He lived in Southport, and was an expert accountant. After his death a number of papers were found which attracted considerable attention throughout England. One read:

"To Victoria, Monarch Apparent: Take notice of this appeal, made according to constitutional law, and a copy of which has been dispatched to the speaker of the house of commons, for attachment without the building of the house of parliament, for publication to the commonwealth, that I, Ernest Mulliner, member of the Incorporated Society of Accountants and of the Theosophical Society of the World, know, by the process of mental telepathy, that it is said by many of the nation that the present monarch reigning is not the true monarch, but another person is."

The document then declared that Mulliner first realized in February, 1885, that he lived a previous life, and that A. P. Sinnett, of the Theosophical Society of India, was well aware of this fact. He then asks for an investigation of his claims, ending as follows:

"But I do say that the main question of inquiry and judgment is whether the allegation is true or not, in whole or part, that I am the true heir to the throne of this realm by reason of the change of monarch about the year 1861, when the present monarch apparent (crowned in 1837) did abdicate in favor of a woman truly entitled to the throne. I say that by reason of this I am true heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, and that now at present the welfare of the crown and commonwealth is damaged and jeopardized. Such a course of inquiry is just and necessary by reason of the effect of the allegation upon the crown and upon myself as a subject of the realm. I have suffered loss of liberty by reason of the allegation through mental telepathy, and I have been denied justice for fear of it being spoken of in the courts that I am heir to the throne. If the title is denied me by this court I do claim compensation for improper interference with my liberty to the amount of \$5,000."

"The present monarch was not in 1837 the true monarch, but another woman was, and in the year 1861, of my certified birth as Ernest

Mulliner, this woman (who was my mother) did accept the throne from Victoria, and was then taken away and said to be dead or lost, and was placed with the family of Mulliner, of Bolton, whose wife had a son child which was taken to Windsor castle. This was done secretly and without the mother's knowledge. After the French war, about 1872, the present queen returned to the throne."—N. Y. Journal.

**SOUND TRAVELS IN BELTS.**

Why Locomotive Whistles Are Sometimes Not Heard at Crossings.

An important point was brought out at an inquiry into the death of some members of a coaching party who were killed by a locomotive which dashed into the coach at a crossing in Long Island. It was sought to determine whether or not a warning signal had been given by the engineer on the approach of the train to the crossing. The burden of evidence went to show that no such signal had been heard. On behalf of the railway company it was urged that sound often traveled in belts, and that a person in its immediate vicinity might be out of its line of travel, while at a much greater distance it could be distinctly heard.

In corroboration a singular incident was described that took place on the Central Vermont railway some time ago. One of the division superintendents of the received repeated complaints that a certain crossing the prescribed signals from the locomotive were omitted. The engineers all protested that they had never neglected their duty. Finally the superintendent determined to get his own evidence, and privately stationing himself in a suitable position he saw a locomotive approach and pass without whistling or ringing the bell. On the locomotive, however, there happened to be one of the railroad detectives, who had made up his mind to look into the matter for himself, and who actually blew the whistle and rang the bell with his own hands. When the superintendent returned to write the discharge of the guilty engineer he was confronted with the evidence of the detective. To end the matter, they both went to the spot and found that from a certain point they could hear the puff of steam at the whistle and the bell in motion, but heard no sound from either. An expert who was called in recommended the removal of a piece of forest. This was carried out and the signals became audible at the crossing.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**Codfish and Lobsters.**

Codfish is at the same price as 37 years ago. But even at this price the fishermen of to-day are much better off than their predecessors of 40 years ago, because food, clothing and all the necessities of life are now from 30 to 50 per cent. cheaper than 37 years since. Take the articles of flour, butter, sugar, tea, these are 40 per cent. cheaper now than 40 years ago. Clothing of all kinds is 30 to 40 per cent. cheaper. The comfort and convenience of the fishermen are now within their means. There is another very important consideration favorable to the fishermen of to-day. Thirty years ago the lobster fishery was unknown; now it is worth \$600,000 annually, and the price is steadily rising.—Montreal Gazette.

**The Triumph of Surgery.**

Dr. Butch—Well, this was a great operation.

Prof. Cutt—Did the patient survive?

"Oh, no, he died; but we found out several things we didn't know before!"

He knew.

"What? A boy of your size don't know what a monocycle is?"

"No, I know what a bicycle and a tricycle and a quad is, but what is a monocycle?"

"Why, it's the name of the machine, of course."

"What do they call it that for?"

"Because it is made in Mono county, of course. Don't you study geography?"—San Francisco Post.

—A man is a philosopher if he can pretend to turn his fool mistakes to good account.—Washington Democrat.

**Poultry and Bees.**

**POULTRY IN WINTER.**

In the Quarters Here Described Fowls Will Thrive Nicely.

A house that is admirably suited for poultry and is constructed both within and without for usefulness as well as security, although entirely free from elaboration, is shown in the two illustrations portrayed herewith, hence it is adapted to the needs of farmers and fanciers alike. The building is 20 by 14 feet, 12 feet high in front and 6 feet in the rear. The lower side faces the south, there being a glass sash 12 feet long to admit plenty of light. The roof is covered with tarred felt roof paper, the sides, ends and floor being built of matched siding. Under the house a 3-foot space well provided with dust. The roof is 20 feet long, extending from one end of the house to the other. It is 6½ feet from the ground and is 3 feet wide, being built like a ladder and placed at the north end of the building. Under this roof are placed the drop boards, being slanted sufficiently to cause the droppings to roll down into a box at the bottom. In this way there is no trouble in keeping the house free from bad odor, as the droppings each day are removed from each box and the boards reloaded after doing so. I know of no simpler and better plan to adopt in a laying house. In a house of this size, it is better to have four boxes and slanted boards under the roosts. I do not think many breeders prepare of high roosts, but with a board ladder running up to the top of roosts it is easy for the fowls to reach the roosts. The plan is a good one and it can only be obtained by having it this height, for a proper drop. A flock so kept will be more healthy, as improper ventilation with foul roosts is often the cause of sickness, to say nothing of the vermin that droppings very often attract to a flock while roosting. The drop boards are 6 inches wider than the roosts. Some of the birds will manage to roost on the side rail to which the roosting sticks are fastened. This house will accommodate 60 fowls, and as many as 85 fowls have been confined in it, yet the smaller number is really the best. The house is lined inside with tar paper. The fowls have no runs about the building. In fair weather they have access to fields about the house; in fact, they go where they please.—J. W. Caghey, in Farm and Home.

**THE POULTRY BUSINESS.**

Points to Be Considered by Those About to Enter It.

Many claims have been made in favor of poultry-raising which have done harm by inducing inexperienced persons to venture into the poultry business upon the delusion that they can surely make a competency even if failure ensues in every other enterprise. Careful reflection should convince the most enthusiastic individuals that it is impossible to realize much that is held out invitingly. With the sum of a thousand dollars, or as much as a thousand, it is proposed to engage in the poultry business. The question is considered and discussed as to the profits to expect. Comparing the business with any other it can be noticed that there is no occupation that would not be considered very profitable with a profit of 20 per cent., or even one-half that percentage. To realize \$200 a year on an investment of \$1,000, therefore, is to secure in the poultry business something that is difficult to obtain in any other direction, yet many who invest \$1,000 in poultry and the necessary buildings are not satisfied unless they can make a sum nearly equal to the capital employed. One cause of much expectation is the fact that fowls multiply rapidly, and will naturally increase, which is true; but it requires the loss of a year for the chicks to reach maturity, while the expense is occurring all the time. The sum of \$1,000 would not pay for the buildings and fowls necessary to start with 300 hens, and the profit will not amount to one dollar a hen for the whole year. Right here it may be urged that one can, by doing the work himself, make \$500 a year on a capital of \$1,000, but it will not be profit, as the labor must be paid for, whether it is performed by the investor or by employing some one to assist. That, however, is the bright side of the business. If a person can invest his money so as to give himself employment it will be a great gain, but only the most experienced poultrymen have succeeded in keeping 500 hens. On the farms the farmers are already established there, by utilizing their labor in winter, make poultry pay well on their investment, but all who may engage in the business will find that as soon as the labor is hired the profits will not exceed those derived from some other pursuits.—Farm and Fireside.

**THE MOLTING PERIOD.**

Time of the Year When Hens Require Close Attention.

The greatest care must be taken to keep fowls in good condition during the molting season. It is a drain on their vital powers to furnish the material for a full coat of new feathers. There is apt to be a laxity of attention to their feeding during this period on account of their cessation of laying, when in fact there should be more care taken. It is a good plan to select a few fowls that it is desired to winter or keep for breeding, and market the balance. This will cut down the expense of the molting season. Hens which will molt early, if they are in good condition and comfortably housed, will nearly always make the best winter layers, while the later molters will rarely lay until spring. These latter should have a place where they can keep warm and dry, and be given an abundance of nutritious food.

The period of molting may be shortened by careful attention and a supply of food rich in muscle, bone and feather-forming materials rather than fat-

**DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER**

A Convincing Letter From One of Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary. Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away a chance of the ligaments recovering vigor and tone. Use strengthening ligaments have a work to do. If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords into their normal condition, righting the position of the womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge.

All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—Mrs. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

making foods. Always provide pure, fresh water and keep the quarters clean. Wheat, oats, linseed meal, bone meal, meat scraps and fresh ground bones make better food at this time than corn or anything that may be considered a fattening ration. While it may not be best to feed the chickens all they will eat, in nearly all cases liberal feeding and the supplying of a good variety will be found the most desirable thing to do. The hens need to take sufficient exercise to be healthy.—Feather.

**AMONG THE POULTRY.**

Dust is life to hens and death to lice. Burn bones and feed them to good fowls.

Soor food is the worst think a chicken can have.

As a rule the better the scratcher the better the layer.

Feed milk and bran for growth, and milk and cornmeal for fat.

Fifty fowls at most is as many as should be kept in one flock.

Dried poultry nearly always sells for a little the best prices.

Do not allow the fowls to get their living by scratching over a manure pile.

Separate the cocks from the hens. They will moult better if kept separate.

Eggs may be increased in size and richness by proper feeding of the fowls.

Give the laying hens plenty of exercise. An idle hen is never a good layer.

In many cases too many hens that have passed their usefulness are kept.

The best floor for a poultry house is dry earth, if it can be kept clean and dry.

The hen ceases to lay when improperly fed, or when in a diseased condition.

Anyone wishing something ornamental as well as useful in poultry should select the Hamburg or Polish breeds.

All of the non-sitters lay white eggs and have white ear lobes. They are usually active, good foragers and do not fatten readily.

As the hens begin to moult, care must be taken that they do not get into the vice of feather pulling. Feeding a little meat will help prevent it.

In arranging the poultry quarters provide a dusting and scratching place where the fowls can have an opportunity to exercise during the winter.—St. Louis Republic.

**A MALIGNANT ENEMY.**

Why the Bee Must Be Fought with Utmost Vigor.

Bees are capable of taking care of themselves, under ordinary circumstances, the colonies are strong, but if they become weak in numbers and the food supply is diminished towards the fall, the point, owing to an unfavorable season, or for any other cause, the enemies of the little workers find access and encroach upon all that remains. The bee must be one of the enemies most to be dreaded. These insects may be seen flying about in the evening and are attracted by the light of a lamp or candle and may be destroyed to some extent by making a lighted trap. If not carefully guarded against, they will deposit their eggs in favorable conditions about the hives, the worms form the pupa or chrysalis state, by including themselves in a silky web which may be found about the empty combs and the joints of the hives, ready when the time comes to again change to the butterfly stage of transformation. These insect enemies of the bee should be destroyed, if possible, whenever any evidence of their presence appears.—Farmers' Union.

**Selling Eggs at Home.**

Farmers should never ship eggs until they have first endeavored to get better prices for them nearer home. If they would retail their eggs and seek customers, a large sum would be frequently must at times have them. It frequently happens, when eggs are scarce, that one farmer must buy them from

MOST FAMOUS OF REMEDIES

Dr. Greene's Nervura Cures the Manager of a Great Newspaper.

Harry Hunt, Manager of the Bridgeport Morning Union, and Composer of "Soldier Boy in Blue," Made Well by Nervura.



HARRY I. HUNT, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER.

When people are sick, ailing or out of order, they desire to take a remedy highly recommended, one which is sure to do them good; and such a remedy is Dr. Greene's Nervura. It is just what your system requires, at this season, for it makes strong and vigorous nerves, purges, gives sound sleep, good digestion and perfect action of liver and kidneys. In this way it thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities, restores the blood and makes you strong and well. Use Dr. Greene's Nervura now. It is not a patent medicine, but a physician's prescription, the discovery of the most successful physician in cure of diseases. Dr. Greene of 35 West 14th St., New York City, and hence must be perfectly adapted to cure. Dr. Greene can be consulted free, personally or by letter, in regard to any case. Nothing to pay for consultation, examination or advice, and the low price of his wonderful health-giving medicine places a sure cure in reach of everybody. Call upon or write Dr. Greene if you are sick. Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills are the same cure for biliousness and constipation, of practical experience, small, sugar coated, easy to take, certain and pleasant to act.

Dr. Greene has only recently taken up photography and is an ardent enthusiast, says the Detroit Free Press. He persuaded the girl to whom he is engaged to pose for him. She was seated in a hammock and he stood directly before her when he took the picture. In a day or two he proudly exhibited the result of the sitting. She gave one glance at it and then handed it back.

"Don't you like it?" he inquired.

"I don't assume to criticize," was the reply.

"I thought it was pretty good for a first attempt," he insisted.

"Perhaps it is. I am glad you are satisfied with it, anyhow."

"Of course it might be better."

"Do you think it looks like me?"

"Yes."

"Then, Herbert, I am content."

"But you don't seem very cheerful over it."

"Perhaps I don't show it; but that photograph has made me very happy."

"I'll have a frame made for it and give it to you."

"No, I don't want to keep it. But it fills me with joy, nevertheless. They say that when beauty fades affection vanishes, but when I realize that you can see me depicted with hands and